



A N
Elegiack Acrostick

UPON

The Reverend, Learned, and much to be
lamented

Mr. Joseph Caryl,

Late Minister of the Gospel at St. *Magnus*
London-bridge.

He departed this life *Thursday, February*
the 13th. 1 6 7 2.

Joseph! Oh, sigh when ye repeat that Name,
Only an *Angel* ought to speak the same:
Such are his works which we have seen in Print,
Each must stile him Master of the Mint.
Peerless for what h'as done, but what is more,
H'as left behind Gemms never seen before.

Come all ye sacred Muses lend a tear,
As duty binds ye, come, and spend it here.
Reverence (what's pious, good, and just)
Ye ought to pay to his untimely dust.
Let others fear before they see a storm:
His Divine parts to Justice did conform.

A N
E P I T A P H

O N

The Reverend, Worthy, Pious and Elab-
rate Divine,

Mr. Joseph Caryl.

Here lyes a Saint, a patient *Job*,
Who lately trac'd our terrene Globe,
As sent on purpose to befriend
Poor sinners to their latter end.
Weep Reader, weep, for here lyes one,
Whose worth deserves a better stone.
Howe'er, this place his corps doth keep,
But his rich soul can never sleep,
For happily he's gone before,
To pleasures lasting evermore.

Sic transit gloria mundi.

F I N I S.